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F I N N I K I N

AND HIS GOLD PIPPINS.

An Original Tale.

BY

MADAME DE CHATELAINÉ.

WITH OTHER STORIES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-ONE ENGRAVINGS.



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ANYTHING, SOMETHING, AND NOTHING.

A Dalecarlian Legend.

A RICH man, who was once taking a walk on his broad lands, happened to fall into a deep stream near a mill, and was just on the point of being drawn into the vortex near the wheel, when a peasant lad, who saw his danger, doffed his jacket, and crying out to him to take courage, boldly jumped into the water, and swam towards him.

“Oh,” cried the rich man, “make haste, my dear, good lad! and if you save me, this mill and all its dependencies shall be yours, and gold and silver into the bargain: only make haste! make haste!”

The lad who had never thought of reward, and was buffeting

his way up to the lord of the manor out of pure humanity, did however catch these pleasant words, which certainly tended not to slacken his efforts; and having succeeded in catching hold of the clothes of the drowning man, he managed to drag him ashore.

“Bravely done, my lad!” said the rich man, as he shook the water from him. “And now I’ll go in to the miller’s wife, and get her to lend me some of her husband’s clothes while mine are drying.”

“And so really this fine mill is to be mine, is it?” said the lad, in a tone of admiration.

“Eh? what?” replied the rich man. “Ay, true, I remember I said something of the kind when I was in the water; because, had I gone to the ground, it would not have served me any longer: but



you can't expect I can really give it away, now that I am still alive |
to make use of it?"

“Very well,” said the lad; “I don’t care about it.”

“You’re a good lad,” said the rich man; “and, to prove I’m not ungrateful, I’ll give you the first thing we meet.”

They then came up to a pigeon-house, well stocked with inmates.

“There,” said the rich man, “you shall have that; and with proper care you may turn a good penny with it.”

The lad thanked him, and in they went to the miller’s. Here the rich man changed his clothes and got his own dried, and when they were fit to put on again, as he was sallying forth he perceived the lad, who had dried his clothes in the sun, was still loitering about the yard.

“What are you doing there, my good lad?” said he, knitting his brows, though his words were fair.

“I am waiting,” said the lad, “to know how I am to take the pigeon-house home.”

“Ay,” said the lord of the manor, “that’s the very thing I’ve been thinking about, and so I’ve hit upon something better for you.”

He then went into the farmyard adjoining the mill, that likewise belonged to himself, where the henwife was feeding a whole bevy of cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks and geese, peacocks, and I can’t tell what besides.

“Now, my fine fellow,” said the rich man, “you may choose what you like here. Will you have a good fat turkey, or a dainty goose? Suit your own taste.”

“I’ll have a peacock,” said the lad; “for that is the prettiest.”

“You had better take a duck,” replied the other; “your parents would rather have a good meal, I’m sure, than a useless bird which will be an expense to them.”

“That’s true,” said the lad.



At that moment a raven stalked by, just outside the gate.

The rich man stepped out softly and flung his mantle over him, and having effectually secured him he said,—

“This, my boy, is the most useful present I could make you. It will kill all the worms in your father’s cornfield; and as you are a dutiful lad, I am sure you will prefer it to any thing else.”

They then parted, and the lad went home to his parents.

“What have you got there?” said his father, as he entered the cottage.

“Mercy on us! what have you brought home that horrid bird for?” said his mother.

“Don’t be angry,” said the lad; “you see I have saved the life of the lord of the manor, and he offered to give me his mill as a reward.”

“That is something like!” said the mother; “generous and grateful!”

“The mill will give us a deal of trouble, wife,” remarked the peasant.

“No, father,” said the lad; “for, on second thoughts, he said it was better to give me a pigeon-house well stocked with pigeons instead.”

“So that the trouble might fall on me instead?” said the wife. “But surely you weren’t such a fool as to accept?”

“There was no saying ay or nay,” replied the lad. “Besides, the gentleman soon after thought it would be difficult to remove; so he advised me to choose one of the fowls in the farmyard instead.”

“And you accepted!” cried the parents in a breath.

“I couldn’t help it,” said the lad. “But be easy; I chose—oh, such a beautiful peacock! His tail was as bright as a rainbow; and he looked as proud as the lady of the manor when she goes to church. Only the gentleman said I had better take the raven, as he would clear away all the worms in your cornfield.”

“Go to, you fool!” said the father; “what cornfield have I?”

The lad scratched his head.

“Na, that be true,” said he; “only I didn’t think of it in time. If I had, I dare say the gentleman would have given me any thing else instead.”

“Go back,” said the mother, “and ask him to change that abominable bird, for I won’t have it here. Ask him for any thing else—he is bound to give you something!”

The lad did not much relish the job, still he trudged back,

carrying the raven in a basket on his arm; and having reached the castle after a long and weary walk, he entered the kitchen, and begged one of the servants to tell the lord of the manor that he came to get the raven changed, because his father had no cornfield. The lord of the manor then came into the kitchen to speak to him, and said he would change the raven, and asked him where it was. The lad now perceived that, not having thought to watch the bird, it had taken the liberty to fly out of the basket as they came along. So the rich man was very angry, and said if that was the way he took care of his gifts, he did not deserve to get any thing more, except a box on the ear, which he freely gave him, and then told him to go his ways, for that it was a barefaced imposition to come and ask for something in exchange for nothing.

The lad turned upon his heel, and, without stopping to make any useless reflections on the ingratitude of human nature, began to thread his way back, somewhat slower than he had come; when, feeling tired by the heat of the weather, he stopped to rest in a wood that he had to cross before he could reach home. As he sat pondering what excuse he could make to his parents for bringing home nothing, he perceived a squirrel skipping amongst the branches of a tree so frolicsomenly, that he could not help laughing at his little antics.

“If I could but catch him,” cried he, “why such a squirrel as that would be better far than a mill, or a pigeon-house, or a peacock!”

So he climbed the tree, and as the squirrel seemed to offer no resistance he captured him, and put him into the basket; and as he took care to watch him better than he had done the raven, he reached home with his prize.

“Well, what news?” cried his parents.

“The very best,” said the lad; “not that the lord of the manor has given me as much as a flint: but I don’t care for that, as I have caught this pretty squirrel.”

“You are the arrantest fool in Christendom!” said his mother. “Why, boy, but for your folly we might have lived in plenty and comfort for the rest of our days, and now we are further than ever from luck’s way.”

And the poor woman could not help shedding tears when she thought of all they had lost, while the father, who at first considered the mill would only be a trouble, now joined in the lament, and the hitherto contented couple deemed themselves in a far worse condition than they used to be.

The lad then fashioned a little house for his squirrel, who soon became domesticated, and a favourite with the whole family; and his young master especially took great delight in feeding him and watching him by the hour together. But after a while the parents



said to each other that it only made Willy lazy, and that he thought more of his squirrel than of his work, and that it would be best to get rid of it. So the father proposed, that when he was out in the fields with his son, the mother should take the squirrel and lose it in the woods.

"I'll do better than that," said she; "I'll take it to the lord of the manor, and see if I can't get something for it."

Accordingly, no sooner had Willy followed his father to work than the housewife untied the squirrel, and fastening the string round her thumb, she took him along with her towards the rich man's estate.

"It's a pity, too," said she, as she stroked the little animal, "to part with it: but he is, after all, a useless expense."

"Not so useless as you will find, if you do as I tell you," replied the squirrel, now suddenly speaking like a rational being.

The good woman had nearly dropped him in her fright; but when she had a little recovered, she began to think it was a fine thing to have such a rarity to shew the lord of the manor, who would, perhaps, purchase it for several pieces of gold. So she went on till they reached a large bleaching-ground near the mill-stream, where lay spread out some pieces of cloth of the very finest texture.

"Now set me down," said the squirrel, "and go home, and don't say a word to any one."

The woman did so, and as soon as she was out of sight the squirrel fell to and gnawed a hole in the middle of each of the pieces of cloth; and when this notable feat was achieved, he trotted back to his little house as fast as his legs would carry him.

When the husband returned, he reproached his wife for not having lost the squirrel as had been agreed.

"Alack!" said she, "it is no fault of mine; he came back of himself."

The next day the man told his wife to be sure to get rid of the squirrel, and then went to his work. Meanwhile the rich man, who was in a great rage when he heard of the damage done by Willy's squirrel, came down to the cottage to insist on his being killed. The squirrel seeing him come, said to the housewife,—

"Don't give me up to him except for the handsomest peacock in his farmyard."

The rich man then came in storming and raving, and said the squirrel must be delivered up to him.

The woman said, "So it shall, if you give me in exchange the handsomest peacock in your farmyard."

The lord of the manor thought it best to consent, and the exchange was made; and when the father and son came home they found the stately animal, who looked like a fine lady out of her element, strutting about their poor little farmyard. The lad was vexed to have lost his favourite; but his mother said that it was better to have got something out of the rich man than to keep a useless squirrel. But after a few days the couple found it was an expense to keep the peacock, and the husband said it had better be killed and eaten.

"We'll do better than that," said the wife; "we'll see if we can't sell it."

She therefore took the peacock along with her, thinking in her own mind that she would go to the lord of the manor, and get something in exchange; and when she had reached the outskirts of his estate, seeing the peacock stop short, she said,—

"Go on, poor bird, for I must sell you."

"Do as I tell you," said the peacock, "and you'll not repent."

The good woman was not so much frightened this time; "for," thought she, "if a squirrel can speak, it is no wonder a peacock, who is a much finer creature, should be still more of a scholar."

"Tell me what to do," said she.

“Take me over the bridge, across the stream,” said the bird, “and then go home.”

She did so; and the peacock went to the source of the stream that turned the mill and drank it dry, and then went home likewise.

When the husband came home, he complained to his wife that she had not got rid of the peacock.

“Wait a bit,” quoth she; “I shall sell it, perhaps, to better advantage to-morrow.”

When the lord of the manor heard that the peacock could drink up a whole stream, he was sorry he had parted with him, for there was no saying what mischief he might not do, and how soon the neighbourhood might be deprived of water. So he walked down to the cottage. When the peacock saw him coming he said,—

“Don’t exchange me for any thing but his whole stock of pigeons down at the mill.”

The lord of the manor spoke fairer this time, and said,—

“Good woman, will you sell your peacock for a couple of ducks?”

“No,” said she; “I will take nothing less than your whole stock of pigeons down at the mill.”

The lord of the manor was vexed to give in; still he wanted the peacock, and was, therefore, obliged to come to terms. Accordingly the pigeon-house was removed to the poor man’s cottage and the peacock returned.

After a while, the husband said to his wife,—

“This will never do; the pigeons will eat us out of house and home. We had better kill them and eat them at once.”

The wife had her own notions on the subject, so she answered,—

“We’ll do better than that; we’ll try and sell them.”

Accordingly she put them all into a coop, and borrowing a neighbour’s ass, she drove it towards the rich man’s castle.

“I’ve hitherto got back all Willy lost,” said she; “now lets see if I can’t get back the mill.”

“Do what I tell you,” said a pigeon, who seemed to be the ringleader of the troop, “and you will not repent.”

This time the good woman was neither surprised nor frightened, but highly delighted.

“Only tell me what to do,” replied she.

“Set us free,” said the pigeon, “and then go home.”

No sooner was this done, than they flew off in such haste that the housewife said to herself that if they didn't come back after all it would be a bad bargain. The pigeons flew till they reached the rich man's cornfield, and then down they came, and ate and ate till they had devoured every ear of wheat to be seen. They then rose up again and went home.

When the peasant came home and found his wife had not sold the pigeons he was very much vexed, and said he would take them himself to market the next day, or else kill them and eat them.

"Good man," said the wife, "you will just kill our fortune if you do."

"They'll eat up our substance first, I think," grumbled the peasant.

"Never fear," said the wife; "the lord of the manor has sent his steward to complain that the pigeons had made their dinner on his cornfield, so they won't cost us much for supper."

Notwithstanding this, the peasant thought it best to get rid of them; so next morning he rose very early, and stealing out of the cottage, he put all the pigeons, still asleep, into a coop, and carried them away. When he had got near the rich man's estate he set down the basket to rest, upon which the pigeons woke up, and finding where they were, began to flutter their wings in great consternation.

"Stop a bit, little flutterers," said he, "we shall soon be at the end of our journey."

"Set us free," said one of the pigeons, "and you'll not repent."

The man was so astounded at hearing the bird speak, that he had no mind to have any thing further to do with such pigeons; so he turned the coop over to let them out, and scampered away as fast as he could. They then rose high into the air, and presently came down upon another cornfield belonging to the lord of the manor, and ate up every ear of wheat to be found. After which they returned home.

The lord of the manor was so enraged at this second campaign of the pigeons, that he sent word that he would have them all caught and killed. The cottager's wife replied that he was welcome if he could catch them, but as they had dined and breakfasted at his worship's, they would probably sup there too if they took it into their heads.

When the husband came home and heard what had taken place, he said they were only working their own ruin by opposing the

rich man, and that they had better try and sell him the pigeons, as they had done the peacock; and he proposed to send Willy with them to the castle. "For, after all, the boy had saved his life," said the father, "and the rich man could hardly refuse some compensation for the birds." By the time this was decided on, the evening had set in, and it was nearly dark when Willy reached the confines of the lord of the manor's estate, when he set down the coop to rest himself. Then the same pigeon who had always been spokesman said,—

"Set us free, Willy, and you will not repent."

"That I shan't," replied Willy, "for it will save me the trouble of carrying you back; so here goes——" and he kicked the coop over, and away the pigeons flew. This time they chose a still larger field than before, and never left it till every ear of wheat was consumed. They then flew back.

The rich man's anger knew no bounds when he heard of this new disaster, for at this rate, he thought, he wouldn't have a loaf of bread next year. So he went down to the cottage, and making a virtue of necessity, he said to the cottager's wife,—

"What will you sell your pigeons for?"

"For the mill and its dependencies—neither more nor less," answered she.

"Take it, then," thundered he, in a passion, "since you want to be the ruin of me."

"Had you given it at first," replied she, "you would have been richer by three cornfields and some hundred yards of cloth."

So the lord of the manor parted by compulsion with what he ought to have given freely. He complained of the peasants being extortionate, while they felt no gratitude for a gift wrenched from him inch by inch, as it were.

The family then took up their abode at the mill, and ever after the stream flowed as usual, and the pigeons neither spoke any more nor committed any further depredations, and justice was satisfied.





THE SCOTCH FIR, OR PINE.

From "The Woodland Companion," by Dr. Aikin

THE pine tribe form a large and important family in trees, distinguished by their stiff, narrow, pointed leaves, generally evergreen, and of a dark hue, and scaly cones. Some of them affect mountainous situations; others, bogs and swamps; and they often compose woods of vast extent, clothing barren and desolate regions unfit for human culture.

The species of pine now under consideration is called with us the Scotch fir, because it grows naturally in some parts of the Highlands of Scotland, perpetuating itself by the seedlings which come up from the fallen cones. It is, however, by no means peculiar to

that country, but grows abundantly in the mountainous parts of Norway, Sweden, and Russia, covering the sides of the highest hills, often out of the reach of man. It will thrive in any temperate climate, and delights most in poor sandy soils. When growing in a thick wood or grove, it is drawn up with a straight naked trunk; but in an open sunny exposure it spreads out with wide branches. As only the terminating buds send forth shoots, it will not bear the least clipping. Vast plantations of this tree have been made within the last century in various parts of England, and no wood is used among us in a quantity approaching that of the fir; which, under the name of *deal*, is the principal timber employed about buildings for flooring, planks, beams, rafters, and the like; also for the upper-deck works of men-of-war, and for various domestic purposes. It has the advantage of being cheap, light, and easily worked; but it splits readily, and is extremely inflammable. Deals are red, yellow, or white, according to their growth, or the different species of fir whence they are procured. Almost the whole of our consumption comes from Norway, or the countries bordering the Baltic; the firs of our own growth being fit for little more than posts and rails. Those in the native forests of Scotland, indeed, are to be excepted, but these afford a small supply.

Besides the value of their timber, the firs of various species yield the important products of turpentine, tar, and pitch. They abound in a resinous juice, which, exuding from the tree in its natural state, is turpentine. The same, when forced out by a close-smothered fire, is tar; and this, thickened by boiling, becomes pitch. Rosin is the residuum of turpentine, from which the essential oil has been distilled. From all these uses, the fir may be called the *sailor's tree* with as much propriety as the oak. Indeed the earliest vessels built for navigation were of this material, and in the ancient poets the *pine* is constantly employed as a metaphorical term for a *ship*.





April Fool's Day.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

BY MARY ROBERTS.

APRIL is come—the month of green leaves and showers, of transient sunbeams and rainbows. It seems as if creation suddenly awoke from her winter sleep, as if a voice had rung throughout the universe, calling all such flowers as are ready to come from out the earth, and birds to hasten back from their far-off haunts. First one, and then another, obeys the summons; flowers spring up, and the pleasant voices of returning birds are heard, where all before was still.

Primroses are plentiful. The pale narcissus bends his graceful head beside the streamlet, as if seeking to catch his own reflexion in the stream. Wood-anemones and wild sorrels, marsh-marigolds, cuckoo-flowers, wild marjorams, and cranesbills, are seen in meadows and on banks; the bright yellow wallflower sheds a sunny glow over rocks and ruins, and the joyous-looking bindweed, with its lilac trumpet, twines up the stem of some friendly plant beside the pathway; and with the opening of these favourite flowers others appear in their assigned localities, not less beautiful, though less obvious, each one the haunt of some winged or creeping insect, its home and storehouse.

The chimney and window-swallow, the black and sand-marten, are already come; the black-cap sings merrily in the hedges; the red-start frequents old walls and ruins; the white-throat utters his shrill cry in woods; the middle willow-wren warbles sweetly in solitary places, where the rustling of foliage shaken by the wind, or the splash of a lonely rill, accords with his wild melody. The common willow-wren runs nimbly up and down the branches of trees, seeking for insects, while the cry of the corn-crake is heard among long grass undulating in the breeze with tall moon-flowers and red sorrel. The fauvette pellichaps, imitative of all notes and melodies, from the shrill cry of the swallow to the blackbird's full tide of joy, is here, with the grasshopper-lark, who hides among the bushes, and utters a sound resembling the chirp of the field-cricket. The "one word spoken" of the cuckoo is also heard, and occasionally the melodious trill of the nightingale. They come obedient to the summons that resounds throughout the universe; but the single, often-repeated note which so much delights the listener, and that unrivalled melody which resounds from out the hawthorn, belongs rather to May than April.

April is the leafing month. Green leaves were seen during March in sheltered places, yet shrinking as his blasts swept by; but now the woodlands burst into greenness and luxuriance. Boughs covered with leaves wave as if in triumph; and where, a few days past, dark and lifeless-looking branches had nought of beauty to commend them, soft showers silently and gently descend on a canopy of leaves.

But the distinguishing beauty of April is her clouds, light, fleecy, ever-varying, and those warm gleams of sunshine which break forth at intervals, and light up the landscape with unwonted splendour: her glory, the magnificent rainbow, appearing in other months, but never with the same beauteous accompaniments.

“Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him who made it. It encircles the heavens with a glorious show, and the hand of the Most High has bent it.”

That perfect arch is seen in all parts of the world. Glittering over groves of palms, and citrons, athwart the deep valleys of Scandinavia, where rivers, bursting wildly through mountain-passes, rage among broken rocks, till, finding a free course, they flow calmly, and form inland lakes, beside which stands the herdsman's hut; and herds of cattle graze in the pastures, tended by young girls who sing the simple melody of their native land. Thus beams the rainbow in places the most dissimilar, a silent witness, amid the loveliest and sternest scenes, with its own deep solemn beauty. First called into existence at a momentous period of man's eventful history, vanishing and returning through successive generations, the same in its transcendent brightness; yet not the same, for the rain, its parent, “cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither again.” Appearing as if to gladden the sorrowing heart with hope of brighter scenes, witnessing to promises that never fail, yet quickly vanishing, as though unwilling to linger within sight of human sorrow.

Strange it seems that the day which ushers in this beauteous month, with its sunbeams and soft showers, its opening leaves and blossoms, should be selected as the one in which all laughter-loving wights are permitted to make sport with their neighbours. Down comes Mrs. Hodgins, the farmer's wife, looking more grave than usual, descending the ancient staircase with a solemn step, as if some unwelcome intelligence had disturbed her slumbers. The merry damsels cease their giggling, the farming boys slink away, and the old house-dog looks wistfully at the dame, as if fearful lest

he had given some cause for reprehension. Then come the question of inquiry, the feigned surprise; or, perchance, some luckless wight has to run out of breath across the fields on a wild-goose chase. But this is April Fool's Day, and the portly mistress relaxes from her dignity; the farmer, too, has his joke ready; and many a laugh goes round when poor Giles, speechless from fatigue, comes back with glowing face, to be reminded that this is the day for making fools.

Look at Sally Jones, the steadiest girl in the village, the most dutiful, too,—one whom her mother blesses and rejoices in as the staff of her failing age. She is going with a basket of eggs to sell at the great house, intending to purchase with the money a cool summer-gown for her mother. Even Sally cannot pass without being stopped. "Look at your gown, Sally!" called out an idle urchin, loitering on his way to school,—“look at your gown—take care that the thorn does not tear it!” Sally innocently looks round, and is greeted with a burst of laughter. Methinks those two grown-up girls ought not to encourage such folly; they, at least, are old enough to know better: but if Mrs. Hodgins at the Holywell farm thus amuses herself, what can be expected of the village maidens?



THE LITTLE POT OF PINKS.

From the German by L. D. C.

"Be kind, dear, good, mother,—do, do take me with you to-day,—only this once—I will be very, very good."

These were the first words of little Paul, as waking out of a sound sleep he saw his mother busy preparing her simple breakfast by the light of a little lamp. But his mother did not answer, and creeping out of bed he ran to her and began again,—

"Do, do take me—do not leave me at home. I will be very obedient."

"Oh, go away," answered his mother; "you have said that too often."

“But do, do, only this once,—I *will* be very obedient,” reiterated Paul, caressing his mother.

Margaret was silent, and went on quietly putting her house in order. She was a poor young widow, who gained her livelihood by washing linen since she had lost her husband, an honest shoemaker, by a tedious disease. She dwelt in a low room at the back of a house, with her little Paul, a boy of eight years old, whom she loved with unspeakable affection. She reflected now, whilst she was working, whether she should, in spite of former warnings, take her son with her to the bleach, to which she was going at day-break, and from whence she would not return before evening. She was in an awkward position, for if she did not take Paul with her, she must leave him to the care of one of her neighbours, a poor tailor, who had certainly the best intentions to educate his three children well, but who succeeded badly enough. With these children Paul would rather play in the court or street, than with any other, for he had been brought up with them; but in the house he would not be willingly left, even for one day, for the tailor was a passionate man, and often became so very angry, that he drove all the children out of the room, and then began a sharp quarrel with his wife, who interfered between him and the children, and who was not backward in answering him.

To the influence of such bad examples of domestic disputes and passionate temper, Margaret would not trust her son oftener than was necessary, for Paul himself was very hasty. Generally, he was very well taken care of at school, but just then they were altering the old schoolhouse, so the boys had a holiday, and they made double noise because of their freedom.

Margaret at last decided, as she finished her work, to take Paul with her; and he, who had watched every look of his mother, and saw that she was not entirely opposed to his request, sprang up to her with a beautiful bunch of pinks, crying, “Look, only look, dear mother, how red all the buds have come out! and this one forms a regular star. Only do smell how sweet it is!” and he held the fragrant flowers under her nose. She inhaled the sweet smell, and then said, smiling,—“Now put it away, and do not forget to water it, for it is prettier than you. Get ready, you shall go with me, for here you are only in mischief. But you must promise me to be very obedient, and you must not perform such wild freaks with the miller’s boys, or else I shall certainly shut you up here the next time, and you must sit the whole day alone in the room.”

“Oh, I am quite good,” answered he; and placing the buds on one side, he watered them, for he would not be back before evening; and whilst his mother packed the linen into the basket, and put in some bread which they could eat with fresh milk, Paul got ready, and asked his mother to give him something to carry.

“First, put your reading-book into the basket, that you may learn your lesson, and then you can carry the watering-pot.” She now looked round once more, to see if she had forgotten anything; then shouldering the washing-basket and putting out the lamp, she shut the door carefully and stepped after Paul, who already waited for her impatiently in the street.



Just in front of them the grey dawn of the morning was breaking out over the earth, and in the direction in which our travellers were going, a glorious red streak in the heavens shewed the place where the brilliant sun would rise up above the gloomy horizon of the earth. This beautiful sight did not remain long, for after they had gone forward some distance, the purple streak became more brilliant, and the clouds still more splendid, and a quarter of the sun broke out suddenly over the wood with so great a glare that Paul was quite blinded by it. This sight made a deep impression on both, and Margaret told Paul much of the wonders

and beauties of the world, of the many millions of little suns, and now small our earth was in comparison to them. Paul had very often heard of these things, but they had never before made such an impression on him: and he now walked quite silent and thoughtful by the side of his mother. But his spirits soon returned, as the sun shone forth more brilliantly, and he sprang forwards before his mother ringing and blowing on his watering-pot as if it were a horn.

At last they arrived at the miller's whose mill-stream formed the bleaching-place. Paul's mother spread out the linen, and he helped her as much as he could until she began to wash, which he was unable to do on account of the danger of the stream. He therefore sat down on a log of wood, under the shade of a lime-tree, and began very earnestly to learn his lesson. Thus far all went on well, and his mother was glad to see that he was so industrious, till the miller's boys came out of school, and they seeing their old playmate, begged him from his mother in order to shew him several new things. To this there was no objection, still she called after him to remember what she had told him that morning. He hastily promised, and ran away with his playmates. For a long time they amused themselves quietly, for they had much to shew Paul: the foal which their father had bought a few days ago—the great black cow—the little squirrel with its chain—the rabbits—and lastly, the pretty little puppies. But when they had finished shewing these things, of which they soon became weary, they began to tease and torment Paul, so that he was obliged to defend himself. At last it came to a regular fight. Paul and the younger of the miller's boys were matched against the others. Paul defended himself bravely at the beginning; but he soon got warm and angry, so that he would have been victorious had not his companion turned against him. This heated Paul still more, but he was obliged to save himself by flying to his mother, first pushing down one of his enemies. His mother had already heard his cries, and thought of going to meet him over the narrow bridge which led across the mill-stream. As he rushed breathlessly round the corner, closely pursued by his companions, she cried to him to take care; but he, in his terror of being overtaken, heard not her call, but ran blindly on along the narrow path, and fell into the stream. Margaret, who had seen with increasing anxiety the course of her son, overcome with terror, sank senseless to the ground, for she imagined her son was already caught by the wheels. And certainly he would have

been, had not the miller's boy been luckily standing on the dam, busy washing the meal-tubs: he saw Paul tumble in, and drew him out just as the stream was carrying him away. Paul only suffered from fright, and soon came to himself, and saw the washerwomen around his mother, who lay still and motionless. He hastened to



her weeping, but the bystanders held him back; but as soon as his mother opened her eyes again, and looked anxiously around her, he sank on her breast, and she embraced him convulsively as if she would never part from him.

Paul was soon taken to the miller's in order to change his clothes. But when he came out again he felt very much afraid to go to his mother, who had, meanwhile, recovered and resumed her work. His conscience pricked him, and he feared a harsh scolding. But Margaret only gave him a look which drew him repentant to her side, and then she told him to continue his work. By evening his clothes were dry, so that he could put them on again; and when his mother had packed her linen together, which was as white as snow, they set out on their way home. Ah! what a difference was there between their coming and their return! After they had gone some distance silently Margaret took Paul's hand, and reproached him earnestly, but mildly. He could only weep: there were no

little hares, no butterflies, which he could chase, no flowers and birds to gladden him; and even on the beautiful setting sun he dared not look, for it seemed to be full of wrath. They went very slowly, and arrived late at home. As they went into their little room, Margaret sat down exhausted, her limbs shook, and cold sweat stood on her brow. Paul stood anxiously before her.

“Get me some tea, for I do not feel at all well; and tell Gertrude to come and see me.”

Paul flew to Gertrude and told her his mother's message, but did not wait for her to accompany him home. The nearer he approached the house the more sorrowful he became; he stepped in at the door, and threw himself weeping at the feet of his mother.

“Ah, dear mother, can you forgive me? I have certainly made you ill. Can you forgive me?—will you love me again?” and fresh streams of tears interrupted his excuses.

His mother gently pacified him, and told him always to mind what he was told and be good. Before he could answer, the good Gertrude came in. Margaret briefly related to her what had happened, and asked her to undertake the delivery of the linen; telling her how ill she felt, and begging that she would come and see her early in the morning. Then she boiled the tea, and gave Paul a cup to keep out the cold, and told him to go to bed, and then in the morning they would be both quite well.

The darkness had never frightened Paul so much before; he buried himself under the clothes, and soon fell asleep. The most wonderful forms appeared to him in his dreams. He saw his pink continually growing higher and higher, and the flowers were as red as the setting sun; but he himself appeared to be continually sinking lower and lower. Soon he awoke. The sun was shining into his room on the pink, which shone as velvet. He jumped quickly out of his bed and ran to his mother, who was very pale, and who looked sorrowfully at him.

“I cannot get up, dear Paul; run for the doctor, and ask him to come to me.”

Paul kissed her fondly, and ran hastily off. From the doctor's he went to Gertrude's, who was just preparing to come to see his mother. When she arrived, the doctor was already there, and he spoke doubtfully of his patient's state. Paul heard with sorrow the doctor's opinion; but what availed it? Margaret was in a high fever for ten days, and all the time Gertrude and Paul attended her carefully. But his face brightened very much when at last the

doctor told him that she was out of danger, and that she only wanted some wine to strengthen her. Paul could have hugged the good doctor. When he came in again he fell on his mother's neck and kissed her till she was almost suffocated. Gertrude came to prepare dinner; the good news gladdened them all, and Paul asked for some money to buy some wine with. How bitter was his grief when he learned that it was too dear for her to afford the money! For a long time he thought how he should get the money without his mother's knowledge; at last a thought struck him. He took his dear pot of pinks, which was now in full bloom, and carried it to his mother to smell, and then took it out to wash the leaves, as he said. He was scarcely out of the door when he turned towards the wall of the town, where he knew that many rich people passed,—he would sell his pot of pinks.

He sat down sorrowfully on a stone at the corner of the road, and keeping fast hold of his pot of pinks, which bloomed so beau-



tifully in the sunshine, he quite forgot to offer it to the passers-by. When any one passing said, "What a beautiful flower!" he drew back, for fear of being obliged to separate from it. Thus he sat for a long time, while the sun sank down lower and lower; suddenly he looked up at it quite frightened, for it was of the same fiery red as before, and he now began in earnest to offer his pot of pinks for sale. But now he was obliged to wait. At last a kindly-looking old gentleman, with a little girl, came past.

“ Oh, papa, how beautiful the pinks are ! ” said the child.

The gentleman looked at Paul, who stood up and took off his cap, and tried to stammer out something, but he could not, and he was only able to dry the tears from his eyes. The gentleman asked him if he would sell the flower, and Paul answering “ Yes,” he asked him why he wept. Paul told him all,—the illness of his mother, what the doctor had said, and how they had no money to buy wine, so that he had resolved to sell his flower. The gentleman heard him without interruption, and told him he would give him a bottle of good wine for his flower, for he was a vintner. This was not quite true ; still he had excellent wine in his cellar, and though the pink was not worth the value of half a bottle of wine, yet he was willing to help Paul out of his trouble. Paul now followed them home quite contented. There he waited some little time till the good man got a bottle of wine, which he gave to him. The little girl gave Paul a small basketful of strengthening food for his mother. They then told him to be cautious how he carried it, and that he was to come for another bottle when that was finished ; “ but,” continued he, “ your mother must drink but little of that at a time.”

Paul soon placed before his mother the bottle of wine and the basket, and kissed her quite beside himself for joy. Now he related how he had come by them, and how much he had grieved to part from his flower. Paul’s mother was touched, and he never felt so happy as he was in that hour. But the good gentleman who made Paul so happy had followed him at a distance, and had been a witness of this scene through the window.

Margaret soon recovered with this good food, which was sent to her almost daily by her benefactors ; but how happy was Paul when they again walked together in the open air ! Who can describe his astonishment when he came home from his walk, when he saw his pink again, still more blooming than before ! He kissed it again and again in his joy. After a while he bethought himself that he must restore it again to the good people, and with a heavy heart he resolved to do so. Then Paul and his mother took the pink back, and the little girl was very glad to see it. But her father would not let her have it, unless she promised to be quite good and obedient ; and if she was not, the most beautiful blossom on it was to be cut off. The little girl promised to be very, very good ; and Paul and his mother, thanking the good people very heartily for their kindness, returned home.

Little Mary daily watered her flower, and always thought of

poor little Paul, and kept very good. But once she was so naughty that her father took the scissors and clipped off the most beautiful flower. This made her weep; but it was of no use, she was obliged to give the flower back to Paul; and when he took it she wept and said,—“ I will never again be naughty !” and Paul, also thinking of the angry look of the setting sun, wept too; but after a little while they both became much merrier than before.



 LEONORA.*

A LITTLE DRAMA, IN TWO SCENES. BY MRS HARRIET MYRTLE.

 CHARACTERS.

MRS. FRANKLIN,	
HENRY, <i>her Son,</i>	
LOUISA,	} <i>her Daughters.</i>
LEONORA,	
EDITH,	

 SCENE I.

A Drawing-room in a Country-house. Time: Evening.

Mrs. FRANKLIN, HENRY, LOUISA, and EDITH dressed to go out to a party. LEONORA, who is in delicate health, seated in an arm-chair.

Louisa. Six o'clock, and the carriage not yet come round !

* The idea is taken from an incident in "Home," by Frederika Bremer.

Edith. Dancing is to begin at seven, and it is certainly more than an hour's drive.

Leonora. You are in a great hurry to go to your pleasure!

Mrs. F. They would be still more desirous to go to their pleasure, my dear child, if you were to share it with them.

Leonora. Not they! They will enjoy themselves, I have no doubt, as much as possible; and will be very little troubled with thoughts of me!

Edith. Dear Leonora, how can you imagine such things? You know you do not really feel what you have said.

Leonora. I feel it most sincerely.

Louisa. You know, on the contrary, Leonora, that you will be much regretted, not only by us, but by several people.

Leonora. I know nothing of the kind. Very likely some of the people there will say, for politeness' sake,—“Oh, dear! how grieved we are that Miss Leonora Franklin is ill;” but as to their really missing me, or regretting me, that is quite another affair.

Louisa. How often have we not offered, each of us, to stay at home with you?

Leonora. You know very well, Louisa, that there is nothing that vexes me so much as your even mentioning that. I have no wish to keep either of you at home. I would not on any account have either of you stay away from a dance for *me*. No, no; go to your pleasure!

Henry. My fair sisters, cease these unprofitable discourses. Nothing is ever gained by arguments of this kind. Leave events to take their course. I prophesy that, before this night is over, Leonora's heart will be full of love; that she will acknowledge the affection of her sisters, and the wisdom of her illustrious brother. What say you, Edith?

[*EDITH looks at Mrs. FRANKLIN, and smiles.*

Leonora. You always like to turn me into ridicule, Henry; but I should not have expected Edith would laugh at me.

Enter a servant, who says that the carriage is at the door.

Mrs. F. (rising). We must go, then. Farewell, Leonora, for the present. I trust you will soon have happier feelings, my poor child.

Henry (aside to Mrs. FRANKLIN). Do not look anxious. Trust to the influence of love. All will be well.

[*Exeunt all but LEONORA, who hides her face in her hands.*

Leonora (raising her head). How wretched I feel! How

badly I have behaved! I shall never forget mamma's unhappy face as she went away. But have I not reason in what I say? Is it not true that nobody loves me! No, not even Edith, whom I love so dearly. She actually smiled at my sorrow. Their offers to stay at home with me are mere hypocrisy. And as to mamma permitting them to do so, that she never would have done. They are both so pretty, so graceful! She is proud of *them*. But *I*—I have no beauty, I have nothing to recommend me.

[*She buries her face in her hands and bursts into tears.*
(*The door slowly opens and EDITH enters softly; she has changed her ball dress for a plain one.*)

Edith. Leonora!

Leonora (*rising and speaking proudly*). Edith, why have you done this?

Edith. Because I love you. Because I could not leave you in your sorrow. Because I would give up twenty balls for your sake.

[*LEONORA sinks down again on her chair, weeping bitterly.*
EDITH kneels beside her and takes her hand, which she kisses tenderly.

Edith. Listen to me, Leonora. If I have looked happy for the last day or two, if I have smiled as I looked at mamma, it has only been with the thought of this evening to be spent with you, with the hope that I should win your trust, your confidence—that I should be able to shew you how dear you are to us all, how very dear you are to me. It seems to me that I love you better than any one in the world except mamma.

Leonora (*still hiding her face*). Why should you love me, Edith? What is there in me to love?

Edith. Many things. But, besides, I don't think of that; I only know I do love you. One cannot help one's feelings.

Leonora. Oh, Edith, you ought not to be here. You ought to be with the gay and happy.

Edith. No, no. I ought to be here where my heart keeps me. Oh, Leonora, if I could but make you believe me! You do not know how happy you would make us if you would but place your trust in us. If you would accept our love, if you would believe that to give you pleasure, not I only, but every one of us, would gladly make sacrifices—that you would make our dear mamma's life bright if you would but open your heart and say, "I love and trust you all."

[*EDITH rises, still holding LEONORA'S hand. LEONORA starts up and throws herself into EDITH'S arms.*

Leonora. Oh, Edith, you have given me new life. You have removed a load from my heart. I do love and trust you all. I will try to be worthy of your affection.

Edith. What joy to hear you say this! to feel your arms thrown round me!

Leonora. How unjust, cold, envious, ungrateful, I have been! I scarcely dare to look at you. How shall I bear to see mamma, and Henry, and Louisa!

Edith. Forget all these sad thoughts. Think of nothing but joy. See what a bright sunset there is! Let us walk in the garden for a little while; the air will revive you, and when we come in we shall find a little supper ready that mamma ordered for us. Come, lean on me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Library or Study. A table set out with fruit, flowers, cakes, &c

Enter LEONORA and EDITH.

Leonora. How bright and beautiful it all looks! and what a delicious scent of flowers!

Edith. And you look so well, dear Leonora. The colour has come into your cheeks again.

Leonora. That is because I feel so happy. How kind of mamma to order this nice supper for us!

Edith. Henry picked the grapes himself, that we might be sure that you had the finest in the hothouse; and Louisa and I arranged all the flowers. Now, sit down in this comfortable chair, and put on these soft slippers. Louisa worked them for you.

Leonora. Did she, indeed! How can I thank you all?

Edith. And here is a portfolio of engravings collected by Henry. See, he has written your name on the cover.

Leonora. "With Henry's love to his dear sister Leonora." How you all return good for evil!

Edith. Hush!—not a thought of evil must dare to enter here. Now open this parcel directed to you by mamma. It is best of all.

(*Leonora opens the parcel and reads.*) "The works of Frederika Bremer translated by Mary Howitt; for Leonora, from her affectionate mother."

Leonora. Oh, what a store of pleasure there is here! Even if

I should be ill much longer and unable to go out, I have amusement for weeks and weeks.

Edith. After supper we will begin to read "Home."

[*A sound of carriage wheels is heard without.*

Who can that be arriving so late?

Leonora. We are so happy, I can hardly be glad to see any one, unless it were mamma and all of them come back. But that is impossible.

Edith (looking out). It is! What can be the reason?

Enter MRS. FRANKLIN, LOUISA and HENRY.

Mrs. F. The party is put off for a fortnight—

Louisa. So Leonora can still go to it.

Henry. Yes, she looks well already.

Leonora (runs to MRS. FRANKLIN and throws her arms round her). Mamma, can you forgive me? Will you let me try to shew you how I love you—how I long to be worthy of your love—how I long to make amends for all the sorrow and anxiety I have caused you?

Mrs. F. My child, you have already made me amends for all.

[*HENRY encloses them both in his arms.*

Henry. Who was a true prophet? Did not your illustrious brother declare that this joy would come to us this very night? Let no one henceforth dispute his wisdom.

[*He places himself in an attitude. They all laugh.*

Leonora (holds out her hands to him and LOUISA. They each take a hand). You both forgive and understand me?

Louisa. Yes, yes, dear Leonora.

Mrs. F. Come to me, my Edith. You have done your work of love well.

[*EDITH runs to her mother.*

Henry. But do not suppose that I mean to be cheated of my ball and supper. That table looks as if it were full of hospitable thoughts, and contained plenty for us all. But a dance first. Seat yourselves there, ladies.

[*He leads MRS. FRANKLIN and LEONORA to the sofa.*

Now, Louisa! now, Edith! Let us perform an extempore *pas de trois* in honour of this happy evening, and then for the banquet!

[*HENRY takes a hand of each of his sisters and they dance to their own singing. [The Curtain drops.*



THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE,

Author of "Rose Allen," &c.

It was the evening of the last day of the year; the wind howled, the snow fell thick and fast, and the hours passed dimly. But a happy little boy, who was laid in his warm crib, did not care about the wind, or the snow, or the dismal night. He was a fine little boy with merry blue eyes, laughing mouth, and silken curly hair of flaxen hue. A child, such as fairies love to sing to sleep, and then to weave pleasant dreams round his bed, making the dark night seem bright as the sunshine of morning. On the evening of this last day of the old year, the little boy had a wonderful dream. It seemed to him that he was surrounded by a mild radiant light, while groups of shadowy yet beautiful forms came gliding down from the stars, which shone more brightly than he had ever seen them before. One figure was apparently much smaller than the others; indeed it was about his own size, only in the form of a young girl. She was gazing on the countless multitudes which filled the blue firmament, when suddenly spreading her wings, she placed herself beside the little boy, and looked upon him with an expression so mild and so gentle that he did not feel at all afraid. Her features were veiled, yet their sweetness and spiritual intelligence were distinctly visible. Presently a band of

beautiful forms, clothed in wavy garments of green and purple hue, floated past, making the air vibrate with delicious melody, and the little boy uttered an exclamation of joy. The angel-child smiled and said,—“The spirits which thou seest winging their way through this wide expanse are preparing for the advent of the new year. They are all pure and beneficent, and are sent to promote peace and good will amongst mankind. Those, robed in green and purple, are carrying the numerous gifts of affection, and when morning dawns, these tokens of remembrance will be ready to meet those for whom they are destined.”

“And what are these bearing to the earth?” said the little boy, as another group appeared glistening in azure and gold.

“These,” said the angel-child, “are bearing kind invitations, which will bring about many happy family meetings, many reunions of parted friends, and generous feasts for the lonely and neglected.”

Now the air continued to vibrate with exquisite music, and the heart of the little boy was entranced with wonder and delight as he gazed upon the long procession. The next groups which approached were robed in silvery hues, and the angel-child said,—“These fair spirits are going to deck the wintry earth for the new year. To them is given the charge of those ever-varying seasons which the Almighty deigns to bestow upon the children of men; and under their care even winter itself becomes beautiful.”

The little boy hardly comprehended the words of the angel-child, and he turned eagerly towards another group, whose gliding forms shed a rosy light as they passed.

“Oh, what may these be for?” he asked; and the angel-child replied,—

“They bear the thousand good wishes and kindly greetings which loving hearts send to each other, and they will be welcomed with smiles and tears of joy and thankfulness.”

It was long before this group had all passed, they were so numerous; and when they had departed, a sweeter strain of harmony betokened the approach of a still holier band of heavenly beings. But the shining white-robed spirits who now drew near, and whose movements were so gentle the little boy held his breath as they glided past, went not in the same direction as the other spirits, but slowly ascended towards the blue sky, while the sounds of harps and voices singing Hallelujah were heard afar off, as if awaiting their approach. The angel-child laid her right hand on the

boy's forehead, and softly whispered—"These white-robed and holy spirits convey those prayers and aspirations for the dearly loved, which silently arise from the innermost depths of the soul, to the heaven of heavens, to the Almighty Father of all."

At this moment the little boy awoke; his nurse was standing beside his crib, and she immediately wished him a happy new year. Then he saw that it was morning; he heard the church bells chiming merrily, and he went down to the parlour, where the family were assembled for breakfast. Every one smiled, and wished him many happy new years; his mother tenderly kissed him, and his father said, "May God bless you, my dear boy." Then he was told that an invitation was come for them all to dine with dear grand-mamma, and many presents arrived from dear absent friends; and when the little boy looked out of the window and saw that every blade of grass, every leaf on the evergreens, and the branches of all the trees, were covered with the beautiful embroidery of a hoar frost, he thought within himself that the spirits must really have been at work all night. But he said nothing of what he had seen, although the remembrance of the vision filled his young and innocent heart with joy





HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

No. VI.—THE INQUISITION.

IN my last sketch I spoke of one of the many errors to which false views of Christianity gave rise during the Middle Ages: I shall now advert to another—an error far more dreadful in its con-

sequences, to which thousands of innocent victims have been sacrificed, and which has brought to a cruel and ignominious death many of the best men and soundest philosophers the world has ever seen. It originated in the idea that men could be compelled by persecution, and the fear of death, to receive certain doctrines of belief. From this innumerable evils took their rise: ambitious men found in it a pretext for trampling on the rights of those whose wisdom and courage they feared; popes and ecclesiastics of every degree, under the cloak of religion, tyrannised over the consciences of their fellow-men, that the Church might acquire strength and unity; to swerve from the doctrines it prescribed was to incur certain punishment, and the history of Europe abounds with instances of the struggles made by the oppressed and suffering classes, who opposed the encroaching spirit of the Catholic Church.

We are too apt, in regarding the Reformation under Luther and Melancthon, in the sixteenth century, as the greatest and most important of these struggles, to forget that long before that period hundreds had suffered and died in the cause, and many a courageous man had braved the papal wrath, rather than enslave his conscience to the court of Rome. In the south of France, the Albigenes and Waldenses had been subjected to a severe persecution as early as the year A.D. 1209. Pope Innocent III., alarmed at the spread of their opinions, published a crusade against them, encouraging all faithful vassals of the Church to exterminate these pestilential heretics. Towns were razed to the ground, and their inhabitants massacred, without regard to age or sex. Still the courage of these brave defenders of their faith wavered not: driven from one spot, they sought refuge in another; and even from the mountain-fastnesses, their last asylum, they continued to harass their relentless foes. Finding that open force failed to extirpate heresy, Innocent III. resolved on employing a more dangerous, because more subtle, power. He enlisted in the service the Dominican friars, who had been recently incorporated as a fraternity; and entrusting them with absolute power over the lives of heretics, he sent them forth as missionaries. To their duty of preaching to the people and stimulating their faith, was added that of searching out those who held, or were supposed to hold, heretical opinions, of exhorting them to repentance, and if they continued obstinate, of punishing them, even with death; hence they obtained the name of Inquisitors; and they were bound to communicate all their proceedings, as well as all the information they could gather, to

the pontiff. No institution springs at once to its full measure of power, and the Inquisition only acquired by slow degrees that supremacy which eventually rendered it the terror and scourge of Christendom.

In the middle of the thirteenth century the spread of heresy was so great, that Innocent IV., a zealous defender of the rights of the Church, resolved to form these inquisitors into a tribunal, whose only office should be to take cognisance of this evil in all its forms. He met with great opposition from the bishops and magistrates, who feared to see their privileges interfered with by this new order of men; but resolute in his purpose, Innocent laboured to overcome all difficulties, and at length saw his wish fulfilled. Succeeding popes ratified the bulls which Innocent had issued, and at length the Inquisition, or Holy Office, was established in almost all the towns of Italy. In the Neapolitan dominions alone it never obtained admission, owing probably to the perpetual hostility maintained between its kings and the papal see.

Having seen the Inquisition securely established in Italy, the Pope endeavoured to introduce it into the other kingdoms of Europe, all of which were at that period tributary to him, as head of the Church. It was however met by a determined opposition in Germany and England, such a tribunal being directly opposed to the spirit and institutions of these nations, and the attempt was finally abandoned. In France it existed in the provinces inhabited by the Albigenses, but never took root elsewhere. In Spain the soil was more congenial to its growth; there, favoured by an absolute despotism, it flourished and bore its most baneful fruits. The proximity of the Moors, who had fixed themselves in the south of Spain, made the Pope especially anxious about the spread of infidelity in that country. Torquemada, the confessor of Isabella, queen of Castile and Arragon, worked on her superstitious feelings so successfully, that she not only persuaded her husband Ferdinand to undertake the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, but caused the Inquisition to be established in all the principal cities of their dominions. Torquemada was appointed inquisitor-general in Spain, and the zeal with which he laboured in his office is attested by the fact, that in the space of fourteen years he brought to trial upwards of a hundred thousand persons, and sentenced six thousand to be burnt alive!

From this period the power of the Inquisition continued to increase, until princes trembled at its name. In Spain the

highest nobles esteemed it honourable to be enrolled amongst its officers, and those who aspired to this distinction were obliged to prove their descent from ancient Catholic families, untainted by Moorish blood or heresy; after which they took a solemn oath to preserve inviolate the secrets of the tribunal of which they were about to form a part. As the power of the Inquisition extended, it assumed to itself the punishment of many crimes which did not at first fall within its jurisdiction; the superstitions of those times, the belief in sorcery, witchcraft, and astrology in all its forms, were punished as sins against the holy Church. Ignorance always regards the discoverers of truth with a jealous eye, and thus the wisest men often fell under the suspicion of the Inquisition. Among the many illustrious victims to its fanatical zeal was Galileo, who was arraigned before the tribunal on an accusation of having pursued unholy studies, at a time when all his energies had been directed to the discovery of one of the greatest truths in physical science.

The great object of the Spanish Inquisition from its foundation was to strike terror into the minds of all men, and it regarded the slightest disrespect shewn to one of its servants as a capital offence; this was never forgiven, and a mere word uttered in jest has been known to be punished with imprisonment for life, and even with death. So universal and terrible did its power become, that neither rank nor character proved a shelter from its attacks; the security of society was at an end, where every second man was a spy. In the bosom of his own family no one felt safe, since at the command of this awful tribunal even parents denounced their children, and husbands their wives. So intricate indeed was the net with which society was surrounded, that not the smallest hope of escape existed: the jealous vengeance of the Inquisition was always on the alert, and men were arrested on the slightest suspicion; whilst even those who had sheltered a suspected person, or endeavoured to prove his innocence, fell under its dreadful ban. The testimony of the vilest wretches was received by the inquisitors, and spies were set to watch the movements of the denounced man, who speedily fell into the snares laid for him; then followed the summons to appear before the court. Well might the bravest heart quail before this awful mandate; escape was impossible, everywhere the eye of the Holy Office was steadily fixed on its prey, every corner of the kingdom was filled with its creatures. Arrested in the midst of his family, often in the dead of the night, the unhappy victim was dragged to prison; from that moment he was helpless, friendless, and hopeless. The

horrors of the dungeons to which he was then conducted baffle description; deep-buried in the earth, a labyrinth of cells, to which no light could penetrate, from which no sound could issue, these fearful prisons became his living tomb. In darkness and solitude he was left to conjecture the nature of the crime of which he was accused, and to calculate the chances of escape. Days and nights passed on in dreary, hopeless misery; suspense added its intolerable burden to the terrors of his position, and before the first audience was granted his spirit had often sunk under the sickness of hope long deferred.

After weeks, perhaps months, the accused was brought before his judges; through long, winding passages, he was led into the audience-chamber, where every thing conspired to fill his mind with awe; the dark walls, scarcely defined by the glimmer of torches, frowned in fearful gloom upon him; if he sought comfort in the faces of the human beings before whom he stood, his despair was but increased. Stern and impassible, they awaited his approach in silence. Until this moment he had been ignorant of the charge made against him, and since it was the aim of the inquisitors to convict, rather than to prove the innocence of the prisoner, they endeavoured by a series of artful contrivances to bewilder and allure him to his own destruction; they entreated him to confess his guilt, holding out promises of pardon, never to be fulfilled, and by their skilful questions often elicited answers that sealed at once the doom of the unhappy wretch. If he persevered in maintaining his innocence, pleading his entire ignorance of the crime for which he was arrested, he was sent back to prison. Thus he was dragged from the audience-chamber to his dungeon and back again at the mercy of his judges; and often has this been continued for years, until the last spark of courage and firmness was extinguished, and the prisoner was prepared to face any punishment rather than return to his loathsome cell.

The regular trial at length began; and as the evidence of spies and men of the most infamous character sufficed to convict a prisoner, his chance of escape was indeed small. The names of his accusers were never revealed, nor were they called upon to prove the truth of their depositions; and thus the life of an innocent person was forfeited on the bare assertion of men devoid alike of truth and honour. The unhappy victim was now condemned to the question or torture, in order to wrest from him in the moment of agony words which might substantiate his guilt. The modes of

torture were various ; amongst the most dreadful was the rack, and the application of fire or hot irons to different parts of the body. To heighten the horror of these punishments, the victim was conducted to a subterranean apartment, reached by a number of passages and stairs, leading down, as it seemed, to the very depths of the earth. The room was hung with black, and contained, besides the instruments of torture, only seats for the inquisitors ; torches shed a lurid glare on their stern countenances, and revealed to the wretched man the dusky forms of his tormentors. These men were clothed in long black garments, with hoods concealing the face and head, like those now worn by the "Penitents" in Rome. A surgeon was in attendance to watch the strength of the sufferer, that he might not expire under the torture and thus elude the further cruelty of his tyrants ; when fainting and exhausted with pain, he was led back to his dungeon, to be subjected at some future time to new trials of his courage and fortitude. If, under the torments, the agonised wretch was induced to confess his guilt, he was remanded to his dungeon, there to pine away in solitude and pain, for few were ever permitted to return to the light of day : the punishment was awarded according to the enormity of the crime, or more frequently at the caprice of the inquisitors ; public chastisement, perpetual imprisonment, or death by fire, were amongst the most usual. The sufferings of the condemned were aggravated by the horrors of suspense, the execution of the sentence being sometimes postponed for years ; this delay arose from a desire to strike terror more effectually into the public mind, since by the burning of many heretics at the same time the ceremony was rendered more imposing. In Spain these Autos-da-fé were more frequent than elsewhere, and were reserved for solemn occasions, being celebrated on the accession or marriage of a sovereign, or on the birth of an heir to the crown. The effect produced on the national character by these dreadful exhibitions may be imagined ; the people, familiarised with sights of blood, became cruel and ferocious, while distrust and jealousy were diffused through all classes.

In 1559, Philip II. of Spain, a cruel bigot, determining to give a new impetus to the persecutions of the Protestants, announced his intention of being present at an Auto-da-fé at Valladolid. The ceremony was prepared with great pomp and solemnity ; at early dawn it was proclaimed in all parts of the city, that an Auto-da-fé, or "Act of Faith," as it was called, would take place in the

chief square. The royal balcony was erected within sight of the stakes to which the victims were to be bound, and here the king took his place, with his sister and his son Don Carlos; before the execution began, a solemn oath was administered to him by the inquisitor-general, by which he bound himself to support the Holy Office at all times, and to spare no pains in aiding to extirpate heresy from his dominions. As the procession passed beneath the royal balcony, one of the mournful train, a nobleman of high rank, turned to the king, and indignantly exclaimed, "And will you, O Sire! sit by and witness the tortures of your faithful subjects? Be merciful, and spare us from this cruel death, for we are innocent!" Philip sternly replied,—“I will not save you; with my own hands would I bear the wood that was to burn my only son, were he such an one as you.”

The most daring exercise of its power by the Inquisition was shewn in the attempt to stigmatise the memory of Charles V., who, after his death, was formally tried by the Holy Tribunal, and convicted of having favoured the cause of Protestantism in Germany; of devoting the last days of his life, after his abdication of the throne, to the study of theology; and of composing works at variance with the spirit of Catholicism. At the same time Caculla, Constantine Ponce, the religious instructors of the emperor, and others suspected of heretical opinions, were arrested, and cited with the Archbishop of Toledo to appear before the Holy Office; Philip II. calmly acquiesced in this measure, and even sanctioned the imprisonment and torture of these men, who had been the chosen companions of his father's last days. The trial ended in the condemnation of the prisoners, who were sentenced to be burnt alive, and with them the last will of the emperor. This infamous decree excited the greatest disapprobation; the memory of Charles the Fifth was held in too much veneration by the nation to be thus insulted with impunity; but the terror inspired by the Inquisition was so universal that the king himself, though fearing to offend his people by permitting the perpetration of such an act, dreaded to encounter the anger of the inquisitors: he succeeded however by gentle persuasions in averting the sentence as regarded his father's testament; the affair was compromised; Caculla was given up to the fury of his accusers, and burnt alive, with the effigy of Constantine Ponce, who had died in prison a few days previous to the execution. After this, all further proceedings against the deceased emperor were abandoned.

On one young ingenuous spirit, however, an impression had been made by this disgraceful trial that was never effaced. Don Carlos the son of Philip II., and heir to the Spanish throne, witnessed the whole transaction with the deepest abhorrence; he had early learned to reverence his grandfather's character, and this insult to his memory filled him with horror. Inexperienced and heedless of consequences, he openly expressed his indignation, threatening to exterminate the Inquisition, with all its supporters, should he live to ascend the throne. These words were suffered to pass unnoticed at the time, but as the Holy Office never forgot, neither did it ever forgive, an injury. Its eye was fixed upon the young prince, watching all his movements, and at length the hour of vengeance arrived: Don Carlos was accused of holding treasonable intercourse with the Protestants of the Netherlands, at that time in open arms against Philip; he was summoned before the Inquisition, and, with the knowledge and permission of his father, basely murdered.

Colletta, in his History of Naples, has given a detailed account of the proceedings instituted by the Inquisition against a lay-brother of the Augustines, and a nun of the order of St. Benedict. I will give a slight abridgement of it, as affording an illustration of this species of persecution. The nun, whose name was Gertrude, was charged with being a sorceress, holding unholy intercourse with fiends, and practising by secret arts on the lives and welfare of others. The monk, Romualdo, was arraigned on an accusation of heresy, and of professing himself a prophet, with whom God held immediate communication through angels. After many attempts to turn these unfortunate people from their errors, they were thrown into prison, and subjected to every species of torture; Gertrude was kept in close confinement for twenty-eight years, and Romualdo, after performing strict penance in his cell for seven years, was imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition for eighteen more. At the expiration of this time their final doom was pronounced; both were condemned to be burnt alive: the sentence was couched in terms of the highest eulogy of the Holy Tribunal; its indulgence, mildness, and forbearance were painted in glowing colours; whilst in dark contrast were set forth the perfidy, obstinacy, and irreligion of the two culprits. On the appointed day, the Piazza of San Erasmo in Palermo was decked out as for a festival: a lofty white cross stood in the centre, on either side of which a funeral pyre was erected; logs of wood were piled up to the height of twelve yards,

upon these a sort of platform was placed, to which the stake was fixed, and which was approached by a flight of stairs; around the cross, a wide amphitheatre was built; altars stood here and there in the circle, and on one side arose a loftier structure covered with the richest velvet, and decorated with flags and streamers of gay ribands, surrounding crucifixes and other emblems of religion. This was the place reserved for the inquisitors; other balconies were allotted to the viceroy, nobility, and ladies, for even women forgot their nature and became willing spectators of these bloody sacrifices. At day-break the bells in all the churches of the city tolled solemnly, and processions of friars, priests, and various confraternities, moved slowly through the streets; on arriving in the Piazza, they made the circuit of the cross and took the places assigned to them. The square was filled with a dense mass of people, all dressed in their gayest attire, and eager to witness the approaching tragedy. Many hours before the time appointed for the execution, there was not a vacant place to be found; booths and tables for refreshments had been prepared, and the scene presented the appearance of a gay festival, rather than an execution. At length, in the midst of the merriment and feasting, a car was seen approaching, to which was bound the wretched Gertrude, clothed in her prison dress; her hair was dishevelled, and on her head she wore a high paper cap, bearing in large characters her name, surrounded by flames and figures of demons. Many princes and noblemen, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, guarded the car, which was drawn by black oxen; the three Inquisitors brought up the rear, riding on white mules. Having conducted Gertrude to the foot of the cross, and consigned her to the care of the Dominicans in attendance, the procession returned for Romualdo. The Inquisitors having then taken their seats, the sentence was read, and the enormity of the culprit's guilt set forth. Gertrude was led up the stairs and bound to the stake; the executioners then set fire to her long hair, which had been previously saturated with some resinous substance, that the flames might the longer play around her head; and having lighted the pile beneath, they descended, leaving the wretched woman to her fate. The flames crackled and hissed around and beneath her, and soon the platform fell, bearing with it the body of the devoted victim, whose cries were drowned in the noise of the falling timbers, while the flames and smoke rising in a dense cloud, scorched and blackened the dishonoured cross of Christ.

Romualdo suffered the same death, after having been made to witness his companion's agonies.

Let us not dwell on such fearful scenes; while we shudder as we read of men found capable of perpetrating such horrors in the name of the Prince of Peace, let us remember with grateful hearts that those times are passed away; a better light has dawned on the world, beneath whose rays ignorance and persecution must ultimately vanish as mists before the sun.

THE WAX DOLL.

A TRUE STORY. BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

OFTEN, when a little girl, have I stood at shop-windows, gazing at wax dolls. They seemed far beyond my reach, for I had no money to purchase them. And yet they looked so smiling, it was hard to leave them and go home to my alabaster doll Sally whose beauty had long since departed.

Sometimes carriages would stop before the shop-doors where I was peeping in, bearing richly-dressed ladies, and little girls, looking as fine as the wax dolls. Then the steps were let down with a great slam, and they, tripping along, entered the shop. They asked for wax dolls, and I must needs look on to see which was the chosen one. A little girl would hold it forth so pleased, that I had to be pleased too as she rustled by me in her silk dress and sprang into the carriage, not even knowing that I was standing near. But as she passed, I could hear her mamma say anxiously, sometimes,—
“Take care, my daughter, do not hurt your new doll.”

I went home, and was soon consoled by my alabaster baby Sally, which I held without fear.

Once I went to visit a little girl, who had a splendid wax doll sent to her from her uncle in London. But where do you think it was? It was in a glass case. I was allowed to look at its red cheeks, and curling hair, and satin slippers, and gay sash, but not to touch her. A very careful, big person, could take her out of the case, and pull a wire that opened and shut her eyes, but no child was allowed to pull that mysterious wire. What great wonder took

hold of my mind when I saw those eyes close and open ! But I went home to my plain doll Sally more satisfied than ever. I kissed her and tossed her in the air, and when she came down head first I laughed, and said,—

“ It is better to have you, Sally, though you are not so pretty, than a wax doll in a case !

Since I became a woman I have seen many wax dolls, — gay, happy-looking things. Some were new-year’s gifts ; some, birthday presents ; and the little children to whom they were presented seemed gay and happy too : but once I saw a wax doll in a coffin, and I will tell you how it was.

I knew a little boy whom I shall call Angel, because he is now an angel in heaven. He was like a beautiful doll when he was alive, for he had large blue eyes, and light, curling hair, and a round, smooth face, and a dimpled smile.

This little boy had a friend about three years old. I will call her Cherub, because she, too, is now a cherub in heaven. She did not look like a doll ; her features were not so regular as the boy’s, but there was something wonderfully sweet in her darkly-bright eyes, that made you think of light and love ; and then she sang like one of Heaven’s children before her time.

Well, Angel was taken ill, and after a few days of suffering he said,—

“ Mamma, I wish you to get my own money, that is in my little purse, and buy a wax doll for Cherub.”

His mamma said,—“ Yes, my child ;” but before she could keep her promise he went to sleep in Christ, or as some say, he died.

Then his mamma, weeping that her child was gone, yet glad that he was free from pain and tears, remembered her promise. So she went to Angel’s own little purse, and took out the money and bought a wax doll, and sent it to Cherub, saying, that an angel had given it to her.

Cherub took the doll in her arms, and sang sweet songs to it, and talked about Angel, and began to think of heaven.

Soon after Cherub became ill of the same disease that took away Angel. She often asked for her doll, and while she had breath sang, with her clear, rich voice, until our hearts knew not which most to feel, delight or dread.

When she was dying she said, to one who loved her,—

“ Will you give me a beautiful blue dress ?”

And he said,—

“God is making a beautiful dress for you, my child.”

So the lovely creature’s spirit went to meet Angel’s, and she was laid, meek and peaceful, in her coffin, and knew tears no more.

Then those who loved her thought, “What shall we do with Angel’s doll? no one should have it but Cherub.”

So they took the doll, and laid it softly in Cherub’s arms, in the coffin, and its red cheeks and bright eyes were pillowed near the pale calm face of the child.

They rest together in a tranquil graveyard, and evergreens grow around them.





FINIKIN AND HIS GOLD PIPPINS.

An original Tale, by Madame de Chatelain.

In a retired and pleasant little village, encircled by woods that have long since disappeared, there once lived a poor couple, who possessed nothing in the world but the cottage that sheltered them, and a slip of ground that yielded a few vegetables. They were besides burdened — or, as they more gratefully called it, — blessed with two pretty little twin boys, much alike in face, though very different in character. One was a tidy, diligent, active little fellow, whom, on account of his delicate beauty, his mother used to call Finikin; and the other was an idle, careless child, who always loitered if sent on an errand, and repined when required to do any kind of work, and him she nicknamed Winikin. The father earned a scanty subsistence by going out to work as a day labourer; still, as long as he remained hale and hearty, he managed to provide for the wants

of his family. But one summer he fell ill, and, as their poverty did not allow of his having proper food and medicine, he grew worse and worse, till at length his recovery seemed almost hopeless. In this extremity the wife bethought her of a good old hermit who lived in the neighbouring forest, and who frequently gave advice to the poor cottagers, and had cured many a one with decoctions from plants and other homely remedies. She therefore called her boys, and bade them go and ask the hermit what could be done for their sick father; and should he send them to gather simples, such as he often pointed out to the villagers, they were to mind and follow his directions, and, above all, not to loiter by the way. So saying, she divided a rye cake between them, to eat by the way, and off the little boys set for the forest. No sooner had they reached it, than they saw from afar an old huntsman smoking his pipe under a tree.

“Oh!” cried Winikin, forgetting his mother’s caution, “there is old Roger! Let’s go to him instead of to the hermit. He always tells us such pleasant stories.”

But Finikin would not hear of stopping to listen to Roger’s stories when their father was in danger, and reminded his brother that their mother had told them not to lose time by the way.

“Surely,” said Winikin, “Roger’s advice will be as good as the hermit’s; so I shall not go any further.”

So Finikin trudged on alone to the holy man’s cell, where he found him making a decoction from some medicinal plants. The little boy eagerly inquired whether he would give him some for his sick father. The hermit was quite willing to do so.

“But, my child,” added he, “there is something more than these herbs wanting to cure your father, only it must be fetched from afar.”

Finikin assured him that he was ready to go anywhere.

“Then, my son,” replied the hermit, “you must know that there is a garden some five or six miles off, which none but little children like yourself can enter, therefore it would be needless if either I or any one else attempted to go there. This garden is situated on the top of a cluster of high rocks, as if suspended in mid air. Should you have the perseverance to reach it, you will find it full of trees, bearing all kinds of fruit, which several little boys are incessantly gathering. You must then ask them to give you some pippins for your father. Should they consent, all will be well; but should they attempt to detain you to play with them you must refuse, or the

hours would pass away so quickly that your father might die before you returned."

Finikin listened very attentively to these words, and then entreated the old man to tell him the way to this garden. The hermit opened the door at the back of his cell, which led to a small piece of ground where he reared his vegetables, and shewed Finikin a kind of tunnel hollowed out in a grotto, through which he could see a distant perspective of green meadows and blue mountains, and told him that way would lead him in the right direction. He then minutely described all the objects he was to pass on his road, recommending him above all things neither to idle as he went along, nor to listen to any one who should even offer to shew him a shorter way. Finikin promised he would not, and, thanking the hermit, lost no time in setting off for his destination.

Meanwhile Winikin, after losing at least half-an-hour talking to the old huntsman, and playing with his dog, suddenly recollected how neglectful he had been, and asked Roger to tell him what he had best do to help his father to get well again.

"Why, not stand idling here, youngster, for one thing," said Roger; "and next, go and ask advice of the hermit, who knows better than any one else what can be done to save your father."

"Ay, but my brother is gone there; so it is no use I should go too," said Winikin; "and he is too far now for me to catch him: so pray tell me something else I can do instead!"

The huntsman scratched his head, and considered awhile, and at last said,—

"I've heard of a wonderful garden some three miles cast of the forest, where all kinds of fruit grow all the year round, and are made of precious stones. Thus, the currants are rubies, the apples are topazes, and the plums are amethysts or sapphires. Should you be able to reach this garden, and gather a basket full of cherries, you might enrich yourself and family for life, and then your father might have all the physicians in Christendom, and would want for nothing, and might soon get well."

Winikin was delighted at the idea of such a garden, and asked Roger to shew him the way to it. The old huntsman then took him to a kind of grotto, that was so completely hidden by brushwood that the little boy had never perceived its existence before, though he had often crossed that part of the forest; and when the twigs that choked up the entry had been put aside, he saw a hollow way, with a perspective of meadows and hills beyond. Then Roger

minutely described all the objects on the road, so that he could not go wrong, and dismissed him, after bidding him be sure and not loiter on his way, for fear he should not be back by nightfall.

Winikin now entered the grotto, but kept stopping every minute to admire its pretty sparkling walls, which glittered like diamonds and rubies, as a sunbeam filtered through the narrow opening. At last, however, he emerged into the open meadows, in a part of the country which he had never seen before, and where he met a beautiful little boy with golden locks, and cheeks as blooming as a ripe peach, who was carrying a couple of hoops on his arm.

"Will you come and play with me, Winikin?" said the little stranger.

"Why," said Winikin, hesitatingly, and bethinking him of Roger's injunctions not to loiter by the way, "I should like it vastly, only I'm going to a beautiful garden beyond the hills, and I am afraid of being too late."

"Don't fear that," said the little boy, "for we'll trundle our hoops that way, and you'll get on much faster with a hoop than without one."

This argument seemed irresistible to Winikin's fancy, and he agreed to play with the little boy, who gave him one of the hoops, which were of silver filigree, and a small ivory stick to trundle it with.

"Once, twice, thrice, and away!" said his lively comrade, and off they went like the wind. Winikin thought to reach the hills in about five minutes; but at a turn in the road little Goldlocks kept trundling on his hoop so fast that he was afraid he would win the game if he did not improve his speed, so he made after him as quick as he could, though he suspected he was not taking the shortest way to the hills.

At length Winikin stopped, and was panting for breath; and Goldlocks laughed and stopped likewise, saying,—

"There's enough of hoop trundling!" and he flung them over a hedge into a neighbouring field; "and now we'll stop and rest, and play at marbles." So saying, he drew from his pocket some pearls, as large and round as other children's marbles, and Winikin, who dearly loved this game, could not resist playing.

"And, indeed," thus he reasoned to himself, "I have come along so fast that no time will in reality be lost."

It was now full noon, and the sun had grown so intolerably hot that Winikin felt tired and thirsty, when his companion proposed

to enter a neighbouring wood, and gather strawberries. Winikin thought the idea was excellent, and that, after this refreshment, he would get on much faster, for he could not help owning that the game of marbles had taken up a deal of time. So the little boys went into the wood, and in about five minutes Goldlocks had gathered enough to fill Winikin's hat, and the strawberries were larger and more delicious than any he had ever tasted before.

When Winikin had eaten his fill, he was for proceeding on his way.

"Oh!" said his companion, "it is still too hot to walk fast; and if you wait a bit under the shade of this pretty wood, you will get on all the better a little later in the afternoon."

Winikin was easily persuaded, and they sat down on the grass, when his comrade drew from his pocket a humming-top that was made of a single carbuncle, tipped at each end with a diamond, and set it spinning. Though I call it a humming-top, it would better deserve the name of a musical-top, for the sounds it gave out were as beautiful as those of an Eolian harp, and formed distinct tunes. Winikin listened in speechless admiration, till at length, weary from excitement and his previous fatigue, he fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile little Finikin, on getting out into the meadows, carefully remarked all the objects the hermit had described, so as to be sure to lose neither time nor way, till at last he came to a field where he saw a little girl sitting on a bank and crying bitterly. Finikin was so moved at her tears, that he stopped to ask her what was the matter.

"Oh," cried she, "I am waiting till one of my twin-brothers, Finikin or Winikin, should come this way and take me home."

"I am Finikin," said our little wayfarer, "but I never knew before that I had a sister."

"Yes," cried the little girl; "there were three of us. I am your sister Minikin, and was stolen from my cradle and brought here by some children who are always playing, and won't let me go home."

Finikin then heard the sound of a pipe, on which a little fellow less than himself was playing most delightfully, and on peeping through a hedge he perceived a group of children, of marvellous beauty, dancing to the music.

"Come away," said Minikin, "or they will hinder my escaping." And she caught hold of Finikin's hand.

"Don't be afraid, Minikin," said the little boy, who, though he

thought it strange his parents had never said a word about this lost sister, did not for a moment doubt her words, "only you must first come along with me to a garden, where I am going to fetch fruit



for our sick father." And off they ran, hand in hand, till they were out of sight of the other children, when Finikin perceived to his consternation that he had missed his way.

"Never mind," said Minikin, "all the ways are alike in this place, and I can take you to an orchard which is close at hand, and where you will find better fruit than in the garden you are looking for."

But Finikin recollected the hermit's words, and persisted in going back to find the right way.

"Brother! brother!" said Minikin, "do not lose your time by going back, or I shall never see our father alive. Come at once to the orchard."

And Minikin began to pull Finikin with all her little might towards the wrong direction, but he loosed her hold, saying,—

"I don't believe, now, that you are my sister at all."

Hereupon he ran away as fast as his legs could carry him, and when at last he looked back to see if Minikin were following him, she had disappeared altogether. Finikin then went on, satisfied with himself for not having been led astray, and, in spite of the heat and fatigue, he only stopped to quench his thirst at a stream, and eat his bread as he went along. At length the scenery began to grow wilder as he approached the end of his journey; the rocks grew higher and more abrupt, and the vegetation more luxuriant:

and soon to his inexpressible joy he perceived the garden just as the hermit had described it, perched at the top of a cluster of rocks, and looking like a giant basket of fruit and flowers deposited there by some mighty hand. But it was not all to have found the garden; the great difficulty appeared to be to climb up to it. So Finikin went round the base of the rocks, and examined them minutely, in hopes of discovering a path leading to the summit. No such a thing was to be found, but he perceived a cleft between two rocks, over which fell a cascade, that, owing to the dryness of the season, had shrunk to a mere thread; and either the work of Nature or the hand of man had fashioned the rocks into rude steps, that were generally overwhelmed with a sheet of water. These steps Finikin determined to ascend, notwithstanding the danger of such a slippery footing, and by dint of considerable perseverance he managed to climb up to the hedge that formed a circle round the garden, and on creeping in between the prickly bushes he found himself in an earthly paradise. Not only was the grass dotted over with every variety of flowers in the richest profusion, but the trees were all loaded with fruit that shined like precious stones, and the air was studded with the gayest butterflies, while birds with gold and silver plumages were hopping from branch to branch, and singing more melodiously than can be expressed.

Though Finikin was dazzled and charmed by all he saw, he walked on without stopping to listen to the birds, or to gather a single flower, till he came within sight of a tree that was surrounded by four little boys, who were gathering plums.

"Who comes here?" said the boys, on perceiving the little stranger; "and how did you venture into our garden?"

"Do not be angry, good boys," cried Finikin, "I come from the hermit in the forest, and he said you could give me some pippins that would cure my father."

"Since you come from the hermit you shall have some pippins," said one of the boys; "only you must gather them yourself."

They then led Finikin to another tree, with a trunk as smooth and shining as glass, which bore gold pippins, and telling him he might gather as many as he pleased, they left him to his own devices. Finikin then began to climb the tree, but kept slipping down every moment, while, to add to his perplexities, the trunk kept growing higher and higher, as if it would reach the sky. Luckily he at last recollected that he had a bit of chalk in his pocket (for he had refused to stop and play at merils the day before, being

sent on an errand), and having crumbled this to pieces in his hands, he managed to take a firmer grasp, and after desperate efforts, to reach the top of the tree. He now filled his hat and pockets with pippins that were transparent like topazes, and then prepared to descend; and such was the heaviness of the fruit, that it seemed to drag him down with irresistible velocity.



By the time he reached the ground, he found to his consternation that it was twilight. The boys had picked up all their plums and had gone; but seeing a light in the distance he went up to it, when he found it proceeded from a fruit chamber of white marble, filled with gold and silver filigree baskets, containing every species of fruit, neatly arranged on ivory shelves. All the fruit in the silver baskets was still soft and eatable, while that in the golden baskets was turned to precious stones. Thus, the plums were sapphires and amethysts; the greengages and gooseberries, emeralds; the Kentish cherries, garnets; the whitehearts, rubies, dark on one side and almost white on the other; the black currants, black pearls; and so forth. A quantity of empty baskets, of the same costly description, were hanging on gold and silver hooks. Here he found

one of the boys, who wished Finikin joy of his success, and after helping him to empty his pippins into a gold basket which he gave him, led him down a flight of porphyry steps into a beautiful hall that was lighted up with mother-o'-pearl lamps hanging from the ceiling, and where supper was laid for seven persons. The table was of citron-wood, and round the board were set seven cedar stools. On the walls innumerable toys of every description were hanging on golden hooks. Finikin was so hungry after his day's exertions that he was glad enough to sup, so he sat down: and then he perceived two of the stools were empty, and he wondered why, though he was too well-bred to ask any questions.

When their meal was over, one of the boys said,—

“Now, Finikin, we will play some games.”

But Finikin begged leave to go, as it was already so late that he was afraid he should not reach home till the night was half spent.

“If you are afraid of being out in the night,” said one of his little hosts, “you can stay and sleep in the empty bed of one of our comrades who is absent; and to-morrow, at sunrise, we will accompany you a part of the way, and play together as we go along.”

“Alas,” said Finikin, “I must not stay to play while my father is ill; so, dear boys, let me go, even through the dark, that I may reach home before it is too late.”

They replied that he should do as he liked, only he must first comply with the custom of their house; which was, that every guest on leaving them must put out their lights after they were in bed. Finikin promised to do so; and then the boys took down from the wall one of those sticks with a nag's head, that children are so fond of riding, saying,—

“Since you are such a good boy, and won't stop to play, you shall have a toy to take away with you.”

Although this plaything was not of the same costly materials as the others, Finikin was delighted with the gift; but how was his delight enhanced when he was told that it would carry him six times as fast as a horse, wherever he wished to go! After clapping his hands for joy, the little fellow thought of his brother, and asked whether he might not take home something for him also.

“No,” said they; “Winikin must come himself, and then what we give him must depend on his behaviour.”

The little boys then retired into an inner room, which was their dormitory, and where stood five beds, each protected by a curtain of the finest lace; and as soon as they had lain down, they called to

Finikin and told him to look behind the door for a long ivory staff, at the end of which was a silver extinguisher. Finikin did so, and then put out all the lamps, and once more thanking the boys, wished them good night.

"Good night, Finikin," cried they: "you may come and see us every midsummer eve on your nag, who will always find the way though you couldn't."

Finikin went back to the supper-hall, and after carrying his basket and his nag into the fruit chamber, returned and put out all the lights, and *mounted* his stick. He had scarcely time to wonder how he should manage to ride down the steep rocks, when he seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper underground, and, without knowing how, he found himself in the long narrow passage leading to the hermit's garden.

We must now return to Winikin, whom we left asleep in a wood. The sun had already lost its intensity by the time he opened his eyes, and saw Goldlocks sitting on the grass playing at cup and ball.

"Lend me that plaything," said Winikin.

"No," said Goldlocks, putting it into his pocket; "as there are two of us, let's play at something that will amuse us both."

And he pointed to a couple of golden drums, covered with the finest vellum, that were lying in the grass. The drumsticks were of ebony inlaid with mother-o'-pearl.

"We will play at hide-and-seek," continued he. "I'll hide first and then beat my drum, and you must try and guess from the sound which side it comes from."

Winikin was quite fascinated with the proposed game, and accordingly Goldlocks went and hid himself. The first time Winikin caught him easily enough, and then Winikin hid, and Goldlocks caught him still sooner, and this went on for some time to the apparent mutual satisfaction of both the little playfellows. But at last Goldlocks hid himself so effectually, that, though he kept beating his drum, Winikin ran right and left without being able to find him, and, as is often the case when one grows bewildered, the sound seemed to come from north, south, east, and west, all at once, and he began to beat his own drum, and to shout out to Goldlocks to come back; but all in vain. Poor Winny then began to grow seriously frightened, the more so as the darkness kept increasing, and he had beaten his own drum so violently in the attempt to get heard, that he had broken it. He therefore rambled

about till he had lost all idea of the direction he was in, while the sound of Goldlocks' drum, after growing fainter and fainter, at length ceased altogether. At last he was obliged to throw away the broken drum, which only hindered him making his way through the brambles that grew thicker at every step, and it was not till he had scratched his hands and torn his clothes over and over again, that he managed to discover a path out of the intricacies of the wood. On reaching the outskirts, he found himself near a small lake, and now perceived that he had entirely missed the directions Roger had given him, and by thoughtlessly playing away his time was likely to remain without a shelter for the night. But, after the fashion of most idle children, instead of trying to get out of the scrape by immediate exertion, he sat down and began to cry. He had remained about a quarter of an hour in this hopeless condition, when he saw Goldlocks returning towards him, with the same laughing face as before, and bringing a couple of battledores covered with silver nets, with richly-wrought handles of massive gold. The shuttlecock consisted of the plumes of a humming-bird.

"You don't keep up the game with any spirit," said Goldlocks; "why do you sit moping there?"

"Oh!" cried Winikin, "I thought you had run away and left me; and besides I've lost my way, and don't know what I shall do."

"Let's play a game of battledore," was Goldlocks' only answer.

Winikin was so fascinated with his new acquaintance, that he immediately dried his tears, and inquired where he got such pretty toys.

"I've plenty more at home, and prettier too," replied his companion.

"I wish you would take me home with you," said Winikin; "where do you live?"

"There, across the lake," said the little boy, pointing to some distant hills.

They then set to and played at battledore, and kept tossing about the shuttlecock higher and higher, till at last it fell into the lake at a great distance, but remained floating on the surface.

"Let's jump in, and see who'll catch it first," said Goldlocks.

And in a moment he cleaved the waters like an experienced swimmer, and was presently out of sight amongst the bulrushes that grew on a little islet in the middle of the lake. Winikin never doubted but that he could do just the same, so in he jumped after him, and mistaking in the dusk a water-lily for the lost shuttle-

cock, he snatched at it, when he lost his balance and fell head foremost beneath the surface of the water. He tried to scream out to his companion, but his voice became choked, a ringing sound buzzed through his ears, his brain reeled, and his last consciousness of



existence was a mocking laugh that echoed distinctly across the lake, for after this Winikin could not remember what took place.

Luckily for him, the lake was not deep; he quickly rose to the surface, and the gentle waves bore him to the shore, where he lay insensible for several hours.



It was near daybreak when Winikin came to his senses again, and stared about him wondering whether all was a dream, or whether he had really played the day before with Goldlocks. Then he saw one of the battledores lying beside him, and the lost shuttlecock, which his playfellow had evidently left (thus he interpreted it) as a promise of his return.

“I had better stop here, or else he won’t find me,” thought Winikin.

Just as he had taken this lazy resolution, he perceived a little boy coming along as fast as his wooden horse would carry him—and that is not saying a little—and on his approaching he found it was Finikin. For the good little fellow had no sooner carried home his basket, and seen his father better after eating the pippin, than he had gone to find Roger, and having learnt from him that he had sent Winikin to the garden, he set off at full speed, like a diminutive knight-errant, to seek his brother, whom he rightly conjectured had got into some scrape.

It would be difficult to say whether Winikin was most glad to see his brother coming to his assistance, or most ashamed to be obliged to own how his idling had brought him there. But when Finikin had related all his adventures and his success, and told him of the hall full of toys, Winikin was so set on fire to achieve the adventure and bring back a basket of cherries, and perhaps get a horse given him too, that he determined nothing should tempt him out of the way if he could but find the right road again, and he entreated his brother to lend him his wooden nag. Finikin consented, but on condition that his brother would lose no time in going and coming back, while he waited by the side of the lake, and Winny strode over the stick with great delight.

“Gee-ho!” cried he; but the nag would not stir a bit faster than other sticks that deceive little children into the belief that they are a great help to them, and he found to his mortification that Finikin’s horse would not be ridden by any one but his master. Then Finikin took pity on his brother, and told him to get behind him, and in this manner the nag carried them both to the foot of the rocks that formed the foundation of the garden, where Finikin left him, for as the little boys had only told him to come at mid-summer, he thought they might be angry at his returning so soon.

When he was gone, Winikin sat down opposite the garden and wondered how he should ever reach it, for he had no mind to climb up the rocks as Finikin did, and he longed for the boys to come out and help him. To cheat his own impatience, he began to toss up the shuttlecock, which soared upwards as if it had wings, and lighted on a tree in the garden. At this moment a few red streaks were seen in the sky, and the little boys came out, when one of them, perceiving the shuttlecock, looked down below, and cried, “Who is there?”

"It is I," said Winikin; "little Finny's twin-brother."

"What do you want?" continued the little boy, like a voice coming from the clouds.

"I want a basket of cherries; and I want to see your pretty toys," replied Winikin.

The boys then let down a basket and drew him up, and there he found Goldlocks as merry and mischievous-looking as ever.

"How naughty of you to leave me in the water!" said Winikin, to his yesterday's playfellow.

"Oh, I had lost too much time to stay any longer," said Goldlocks.

Then they all breakfasted on the grass on strawberries and cream, served up in the finest porcelain bowls. After breakfast Winikin said, "Now let's play."

But the boys told him they had to gather fruit first, and that they couldn't play with him till their work was done, so that in the meantime he had better gather his cherries. Accordingly they led him to the other end of the garden, where all the cherry-trees grew, and having pointed out one that stood in the middle of the rest they returned to their occupations.

With his usual idle habits, Winikin began plucking flowers and chasing butterflies, and doing every thing but the business in hand; and when his little hosts came to fetch him for recreation, they found he was not a jot further than when they left him.

"Till you have gathered your fruit, Winikin, we can't play with you," said Goldlocks.

And he then laid a golden trap-ball down on the grass, and the five little boys began to play very merrily. Winikin's wish to join them at last overcame his idleness, and he began to climb the tree; but he got on so slowly that by the time he had reached the top, and eaten a quantity of the cherries, which were fine whitehearts, and filled his pockets, the boys had returned to their work, and he lay down on the grass exhausted with fatigue. After a time they came to fetch him in to dinner. They first led him through the fruit chamber, where they helped him to empty his pockets into a silver filigree basket, and after telling him to beware and not diminish his fortune by eating any of the cherries, as they would harden into rubies in two or three days, took him into the hall where the table was laid. Winikin could scarcely eat for looking at the toys, and when their meal was over, he asked leave to play with some of them. The boys shewed him a great many playthings he had



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LITTLE LIZZIE AND THE FAIRIES.

never seen before, but at last they reminded him that it was time he should set out for home, if he wished to reach it before night.

"So I will," said Winikin, "if you will give me a little wooden bag, such as you gave my brother."

But the boys told him they had not such another in their collection; still, as they did not wish him to go away empty handed, they made him a present of the agate cup and ball, fastened to a delicate gold chain, that he had seen Goldlocks playing with in the wood. Winikin was well pleased with this toy, and taking up his basket followed the little boys down a seemingly interminable flight of steps, which brought them to the bottom of the rocks, where he saw a little crack just large enough for him to creep through.

"Now," said Goldlocks, "you see that large brown butterfly, whose wings are tipped with dark blue? If you follow him steadily he will shew you the way; but mind you don't lose sight of him."

So Winikin set off. At first he followed the butterfly conscientiously enough, and as butterflies are sad idlers, and never proceed in a straight line, but keep bobbing up and down, and lighting now on this flower, now on that, he was able to keep up with him without the slightest fatigue. But just at a turn in the road, a splendid golden butterfly rose out of a bush, and Winikin could not resist running after him, though he perceived the brown butterfly went to the left, while his gaudy favourite chose the right. "I can soon get up with old Browncoat again," thought Winikin, to excuse himself. The brown butterfly, indeed, waited awhile on a flower, as if to give Winikin time to think better of it, and then went his ways, and was soon far out of sight. Meanwhile the little boy was led a fine dance over bank and bush, like many other people who run after every thing that glitters and can't catch it; and when at length he abandoned the chase, on finding the golden butterfly was not to be caught, he perceived that he had dropped some of the cherries by the way. He now went back to search for them, and if possible to join the brown butterfly, whom he bitterly repented having abandoned. But after so many turnings and windings, he couldn't tell whether he was retracing his steps accurately, or whether the birds had picked up the fruit. At all events the cherries were quite gone, and the butterfly too.

"After all," said Winikin, "the loss of a few cherries does not much matter; and since they are broken into, I may as well eat a few more to refresh myself."

So he sat down and ate several, and then took out his cup and

ball to amuse himself. But at the first onset the ball gave him a hit on his forehead, and finding this was repeated several times, he said, "This is a strange plaything to hurt one so," and he put it back into his pocket. Then he got up, and again tried to find his way, until fatigue and thirst having led him to apply frequently to his basket, on the system that "one more" could not make much difference, he had nearly eaten up his whole fortune. At length, after wandering till twilight, he found himself just at the point whence he had started, and recognised the rocks, the garden, and the shining fruit, though he did not see any of the little boys. He now tried to find the crevice through which he had crept out that morning, but a foaming cascade was dashing down just over the place where he thought the opening might be, so there was no hope of getting in that way. He then shouted out at the top of his voice to Goldlocks to come and help him, and after a while the five boys came and peered over the hedge, and asked why he disturbed them.

"I have lost my way, dear boys," said Winikin, in a coaxing tone, "so pray let me in to sup with you in the hall of toys, and let me sleep here for the night."

"We have done supper," said the boys; "but you shall have some provided you promise to put out our lights, and then go, for we have no spare bed."

Winikin was obliged to submit to these conditions, as he wanted his supper by this time, and they let down a basket and drew him up as before, and after taking him into the hall they retired to bed. After he had partaken of a hearty meal, the boys called out to him to look for the extinguisher behind the door, and to put out the lights.

"But," said Winikin, in a piteous tone, "how am I to get out of the garden?"

Goldlocks' little head then peeped out of his snowy bed, and looking as grave as he could, replied:—

"There is a bat outside that will shew you the way, and if you follow him better than you did the butterfly, you will reach home in tolerable time."

Then Winikin put out the lamps in the dormitory, but he couldn't resist sauntering once more round the hall, before he extinguished the lights, to look at all the toys; and when he reached the door that led to the fruit-chamber, he thought he might as well fill up his basket again, as a few cherries could not be missed from

such a quantity. This he accordingly did; then being fearful the boys would chide him for his delay, he began extinguishing the lights, but very foolishly began by the one nearest the outer door, so that by the time he reached the end of the long hall he forcibly found himself in the dark on extinguishing the last lamp.

Winikin was now so frightened that he didn't know what to do, for if he attempted to move in the dark he would be sure to overturn the table or the stools, so he cowered down in a corner, hoping the boys would fall asleep and forget him, and that next morning he might escape before they were up. But he reckoned without his host. Presently he heard the five boys get up very softly, and come into the hall, saying, "There's a thief here!" Winikin held his breath, and still hoped to escape notice, but they marched up to the corner where he lay hid, just as if it had been broad daylight, and having each a rod in their hand, gave him a sound thrashing, till at last he cried out, "It is only I, don't hurt me." They then left off, but dragged him out of the hall, and emptying the basket of all the cherries he had taken, which were easily distinguished from the others, as in his hurry he had helped himself out of a golden basket to some cherries that had hardened into rubies, they fetched an ivory ladder of prodigious length, and putting it over the hedge, they forced him to leave the garden immediately.

Winikin cried bitterly when he saw the ladder taken up again, but at last even he began to think he had better make the best of a bad bargain. So he set off, and as Goldlocks had promised, a bat flew before him to shew him the way. We might naturally fancy that Winikin was now thoroughly cured of his vagrant habits, were not such, unfortunately, the most difficult of all to eradicate. It is true, that at first he followed the bat as soberly as could be, and even made many good resolves as he went along, but a troop of fireflies happening to flit past, he said to himself, "How much better they would light me than this tiresome bat, who keeps flapping his wings in my eyes! The others are as good as so many lanterns, and surely they'll know the way best." And again the fickle boy went on a fool's errand, which ended in his spending the night in a bog. When morning dawned, he looked round for some hut where he could ask his way, but he recollected to his horror that neither yesterday nor the day before had he seen even a single being stirring any where. He perceived that he was within a charmed circle, and kept turning to no purpose, for after a due

portion of toil, he again recognised familiar objects, and the well-known garden in the distance. Winikin hardly dared again apply to the little boys, yet having eaten all the cherries to appease his hunger, and seeing no chance of extricating himself from his desperate position, he made for the rocks, and clapped his hands to draw their attention. Presently the boys appeared.

“Who dares to come a third time unbidden?” said they.

“Alas!” whimpered the foolish little wanderer, “I have again lost my way, and eaten all the cherries; so pray take pity on me, and let me come up.”

“No,” said they, “you do not deserve to come into our garden any more; and as you are not to be trusted to go home, and we don’t choose to be disturbed by you any more, we shall now send you back.”

So saying, they disappeared for a moment, and presently crept out at the foot of the rocks, bringing with them a go-cart, into which they put Winikin, and upon their crying out, “All right!” it darted off at a speed which would shame a modern express railway train. The go-gart—which was, indeed, worthy of its name, for it went with a vengeance—ran over hills and dale, rocks and water, till Winikin thought every moment he should be dashed to pieces. At length it stopped when it reached his native village, before the door of a fine large farmhouse, and then, as if to make up for the lost time, the moment Winikin had got out it darted off again at double speed.

“How is this?” said Winikin; “I don’t see our cottage anywhere.” And then he stopped a passer-by, and said to him, “Where do my parents live, for somehow I can’t find the house?”

“Straight before your nose, you young idler!” said the man

At the same moment his mother appeared at the door of the farmhouse.

“Well, Winikin,” said she, embracing him, “you have been a long time, but I suppose you have brought something worth the trouble.”

It must be explained, that what had appeared three days to Winikin was, in fact, three weeks; for in that enchanted region a single day was equal in value to a week in the ordinary world; and if Finikin had escaped from this law, it was that he had returned before midnight, and consequently not spent a complete day away from home.

The mother then led Winikin into the house, where he found

Finikin and his father, who had quite recovered since he had eaten one of the gold pippins, all the rest of which had hardened into topazes, and had been sold by the parents to a rich Jew in the nearest town. The proceeds had served to purchase and stock the farm where they were living. The old cottage had been pulled down, and a barn was going to be built on its site.

"And now," said the father, "though you are too late, Winny, to do me any good, let's see what you have brought."

Winikin was very much ashamed to have nothing to produce but an empty basket, nor did he mend the matter by assuring his parents that "there *were* such very fine cherries in it." However, what was done could not now be mended, and the only thing left for Winikin was to try and improve; but in this he got on very slowly.

For a long time after, whenever he went on a message, the villagers would say,—“Don't be three weeks on the road, as when you went to fetch cherries for your sick father.”

He was still further mortified when midsummer came round again, and his brother set off for the beautiful garden on his little nag, while he had only a cup and ball that gave him a rap on the head every time he played with it when he ought to have been doing something else! In time, however, he learnt to profit by its striking lessons, and by dint of refraining from taking out his toy at improper times, to avoid its blows, he accustomed himself to more regular habits.

As long as their childhood lasted, Finikin continued to visit the little boys; but when he began to grow too big to play with them, they bade him affectionately farewell, and as a parting gift they gave him branches of their apple-tree and cherry-tree; and when these were grafted on two trees at the farmhouse, they produced the finest fruit ever eaten in this country. The cherries were the first whitehearts seen in England, and the apples were ever since called golden pippins on account of their origin.

When the twin-brothers grew to be men, the farm, of course, belonged to Finikin; but he provided for Winikin, and gave him the cherry-tree, besides building him a cottage near it. The two brothers then turned their attention to the rearing of fruit, and succeeded so well, that in a few years they became celebrated market-gardeners, and amassed considerable fortunes.



